Manchester AL MONDO.

CONTEMPLATIO *Mortis, & Immortalitatis.*

Much inlarged.

London.
Printed for Francis Constable. 1639

Manchester, Henry Montagu, earl of

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CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN, and DIVINES doe all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ*; *una est ACTIVA, altera CONTEMPLATIVA, tertia VOLUPTUARIA.*

Which of these is best, *Quæritur.*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otiosa,* becausе it is in *actu,* yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all, as I have done, shall find, that action

profits moſt, but Contemplation pleaſes beſt: ſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Chriſt was to ſuffer, *miſit Chriſtus Petrum ac Iohannem ad parandum Paſcha. Petrus bonam actionem, Iohannes devotam ſignificat Contemplationem.*

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to do as well as underſtand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicitie conſiſts neither in reſt nor action, but in a fit mixture of both

Some uſe Contemplation for Remedie, it ſeeming to make their minds aſcend, when their fortune deſcend.

The Counſellor ſaith, A State-man ſhould be thus repartied; his will to God, his love to his

his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retiredneſſe is more ſafe than buſineſſe; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis.* And yet the leſſe you doe, the more you ſuffer. But as he is not happie that is alwayes buſie; So a publike man ſhould not alwayes bee ſhut up in thoughts pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking. Finely ſaith S. *Auguſtine, Lectio ſine meditatione Arida eſt, Meditatio ſine lectione erronea eſt, oratio ſine meditatione Tepida eſt.*

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To bee alwayes, or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good ſubject to contemplate: For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancie, as in this it is happie for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers have fixed upon the

love of God; Some upon the passion of Christ; Some upon the joyes of heaven; some upon contempt of the world; severall others upon divers other subjects; All opining, that some one is to bee chosen. For who so will *vivere sibi*, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith. *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii*; *Qui minoratur actu*, Hee cannot tend it.

Wise man

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much imployment, so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the

the ſervice of his maſter.) I now thought it time to ſeize on death before it ſeized on mee.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelfe to contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what ſo neceſſarie as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complyed with my owne deſires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries only.

We meditate to know God, wee contemplate to love God: when God himſelfe had ſeene the things created in ſeverall peeces, hee ſaid, They were good:

But when hee conſidered the

universe, as it were in Contemplation, then he said, Loe, they were exceeding good. For Meditation considers her objects peece by peece, but Contemplation summes them all together, and sees, as in a grosse, all the severall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamie, and the Orenge flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are sweet of themselves, saith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouse plaits up her haire, trussing it up in one knot, to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans soule being once affected, hardly shall hee obtaine leave of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipsi munerem incognitus : (for the old

old word is a true one) *nil prosunt lecta nec intellecta, nisi teipsum legas & intelligas.*

I therefore applyed my selfe *ad meum Novissimum, What man liveth, and shall not see death?* And if after death, *Justus vix salvabitur*, we may well bee fearfull, and had need bee carefull that wee bee not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,

Will one day bee a dolefull saying.

When I was a young man, saith *Seneca*, my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi.* When age came upon mee, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how to dye well. *Seneca*

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet nisi in fine.* Yet when I was *occupatissimus, hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, aliquando me victurum mihi*; hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Disponendi, non mutandi me.

The covenant of the grave is ſhewed to nó man, ſaith the Wiſeman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to die.

In the courſes of my life I have had interchanges; the world it ſelfe ſtands upon viciſſitudes: *Adverſis & Proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam:* When I firſt tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam ſed concinnam,* Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obſcurity kept a man free from envie: although any kinde of ſuperiority be a marke of Envie; yet not to be ſo high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor ſo low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I muſt confeſſe I have ſince had a greater portion of the worlds

worlds favour, than I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To check repining at those above me, I alwayes looked at those below mee; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse mee, as to make mee neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre bee not past till all the glasse be runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most faintly, when it drawes neerest to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full busie about many things, but was well advised; There was only *unum necessarium:*

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his house for ever.

This

This was *Davids unum*, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Physicians exclaime, *Vita brevis, Ars longa:* But Divines teach, *Ars optima est, vivendo discere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to be begun when *præ foribus mors est*, Then the Sin-sicke Soule will say, *Infœlix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to say,

Mihi vivere Christus est, & mori lucrum:

Welcome death more blessed than my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to dye well, was, to live well: And the way to live well in the world, was to dye betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo, yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I tooke to mee these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; *Caritatem*

tem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam: And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientiæ meæ.

Nam quicunque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, *Mane & vespere*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die præcedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, let him mend it, *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.*

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*

Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. *First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to bee prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly,*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Of theſe things I thus reſolved,

THat DEATH was but a fall which came by a fall. Our firſt framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus.* Therefore wee needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Bloud in the Euchariſt to heale us, water of Regeneration in bloud of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhee was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhee hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not onely the perſon, but the nature, (ſuch is the infection of evill, alwayes worſe than the act) making man, that was immortall, ſubject to death.

Hee

Heu triſtis & lacrymoſa mutatio!

Notwithſtanding, as wee now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our riſe; The advantage we have by *Chriſt* being more than the loſſe we had by *Adam:* Redemption imports emption, and a buying backe of that which wee had loſt. Wherefore, Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in Chriſt, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaſpire to that it was. *Idèo qui ſtat, videat ne cadat.* For relapſe may turn us againe to be as Birds and Beaſts, who have no joy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelfe miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made us mortall; *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri.* Therefore wee have reaſon to account Mercy, as it releeves miſery, to be the beſt vertue, though it worke upon the worſt object.

Miſeri

Misericordia vicina est miseriæ.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest bee feared, saith the Prophet *David*.

What Death is.

TO dye is to bee no more unhappie. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors Tinea est*, saith *Job*; *ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parentheſis, which interposed breaks no sense, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus*, To dye or to sinne is not power but impotencie. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est æternus somnus, divitum pa-*

vor.

vor, pauperum deſiderium. *Plato* ſaid it was, *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.* One term s it to be but the ceſſation of the Soules functions. O, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine, that I could ſee Death,* not as it was, but as thou, Lord, haſt now made it! As it hath the dominion of ſin, it is the greateſt Monarch, and the ancienteſt King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moſes,* ſaith Saint *Paul,* yet at laſt this King ſhall bee conquered, *The laſt enemie to be deſtroyed, is Death. O Death, I will bee thy death,* ſaith Chriſt.

The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all ſhall feele it. But that muſt needs be nothing that hath no cauſe efficient, but deficient: *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil.* It hath no eſſence, it is no ſubſtance, but privation; no creature,

creature, but *creaturarum ſepultura.* Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſſe. *God made it not,* ſaith the Booke of *Wiſdome, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things which hee had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens.* Therefore good Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made Death; wherefore, I beſeech thee, ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reigne over that which thou haſt made.* Yet it is no errour to ſay, that man made death, for Curioſitie (the itch of mans ſoule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had bin good to know evill, by deſiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoſcitur niſi per bonum.*

Hee that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) that we ſee

Inno-

Innocencie it ſelfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoule looked at. And that as yet begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things we can never know. By which wee ſee, that although Nature her ſelfe be moderate in her deſires, yet conceit is unſatiable, mans braine will never leave working till his pulſe ceaſes beating: nevertheleſſe no man knowes ſo much but it is through ignorance that he doth ſo ill; *nam nemo ſciens malus*, and as one ſaith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practiſing too little, man is the ſon of deſires. But ſince God hath revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne ſober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy ſelfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canſt.

The

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra:* the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of these produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the mother; for saith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finished*, travaileth in child-birth, like a mother, to *bring forth Death*, our grand mother *Evah* so named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne Death enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Aug Good Saint *Augustine* puts the Devill this question, *Satan, quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente?* Death had no interest in man till sinne had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was*

no

no truſt in Gods ſervants, ſaith Eliphaz, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right, he did but perſwade, not compell: it was in mans choyce to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet. Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus; Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe mori. Sic Auguſtinus.

Power of ſtanding, man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelfe. Therefore, though wee may thanke our firſt parents for our birth, ſin; yet we may thanke our ſelves for improving it. Wherfore the old *Letanie* ſaid well, *A me ſalva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſubject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but he

he cared not for it. With men coun
ſels are like faces, that which i
faire, pleaſes. But had the mind
governed the eye, the Apple coul
not have beguiled, though it wa
faire to looke to. The proud aſpi
ring thought was hatcht in man
The Devill was the promooter, Si
was the author, and we being part
ners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſh
ment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æqua*

Sith then Death by ſin ſtole in a
the window; (for the eye, that ſen
of love, alwayes recoyles upon th
heart, when it beholds that whic
is pleaſing) or rather at the eare
which is apt to liſten to ill counſe

Let us caſt out ſin by the eare
the ſenſe of faith, in harkening t
Gods Word, the Word of life, th
life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Sain
Iohn calls it a ſleepe: *Amic*
noſter Lazarus dormit. Of S. *Steph*

it was ſaid, *When he had thus ſpoken*, he *ſlept*. The *Patriarkes* and Kings of Judah are ſaid to *ſleepe with their Fathers*. *Man*, ſaith *Job*, *lyeth downe and riſeth not*. He ſhall not be awaked out of his ſleepe till the heavens be no more. *Tranſitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem*, ſaith S. *Bernard*. *Sed ideo Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè deſperemus: He is not dead*, ſaith *David*, *but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope*.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleepe, but wee ſhall all be changed*. The night ſavours of mortalitie, and ſleepe, that *Mors brevis*, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot be farre off: *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus*.

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine*, *In vita vigilant juſti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire*.

When God made a helper unto man, he ſent a ſleep upon him. *Somnium*

nium agrotantium, ut novimus salutis est indicium. It is Christs saying, he sleepe he shall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morsu* which our first parents tasted, or *Mors mora*, which yet tarries for us all: let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not be courted nor yet cast off: Yet is shee but *vox tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *sonum lo timenda sono.*

Better is it called a transfiguration, or transmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Transitus; Transitus quem ire non intellexi mus, transisse sentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe. And when it is time to rise, *Cum expergiscar, Then shall I be satisfied,* saith the Prophet *David.*

Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nominibusque*

usque venit. All men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur equalitas.* *Who lives, and shall not see death?* only vertue stands exempt from death. *The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead.* Nay, even *Christ* himselfe, *being found in fashion as a man, humbled himselfe, and became obedient to death.* It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we say a man dyes naturally, wee speake improperly; for a man dyes not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per statutum*; not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed: *Statutum est omnibus semel mori:* Disease and Death know no faces. In the Grave all looke alike, *Lazarus* sores will make as good dust as *Jesabels* paint. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Orimur, Morimur:*

rimur: Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night: Wee come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, we are borne crying, we live laughing, and dye sighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est*: The good soule *ægrè fert has angustias*. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes? This shews infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas*; Death only shortens time, not life: for lifes time shortens by lengthening. *Morimur quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia ægrotas, sed quia vivis.*

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; both imposed on man for sinne.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in Heaven, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certaine; *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, ſaith the Prophet *Jeremie*, fades like a leafe, and ſinne like a wind takes him away. Be the time of mans reprive never ſo long, dye he muſt. And ſince life it ſelfe is no true living, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while: And ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but thinke it a well-ſpent life, alwayes to bee meditating upon Death?

But, ſaith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui*

interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid supra summum.

This I am sure of, All mans happinesse here is his holinesse, and his holinesse shall hereafter be his happinesse.

Life after Death.

BUt if a man dye, shall he live againe? yes, saith Saint *Paul, We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh, and are burthened, because we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortalitie might be swallowed up of life.*

Phœnix sponte crematur,

Vt redeat, proprioque solet pubescere letho.

Sic tu corpus coactum.

Discere, mutata melior procede figura.

The brighteſt dayes dye into darke nights, but riſe againe a morning

nings: Though the body sleepe a while in dust, yet shall it rise againe after thy likenesse. *As for me,* saith *David, I will behold thy face in righteousnes, and I shal be satisfied when I awake with thy likenesse.* And thus saith holy *Job, Though my flesh be all consumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive them, and couple them againe with sinewes, and clothe them with flesh.* The soule which *departed for a season,* shall, as S. *Paul* said of *Onesimus,* Come againe, and be received for ever. The graine cast into the earth, after a frost-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was sowne a naturall bodie, shall rise a spiritual. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who so goeth forth weeping, carrying precious seed, shall returne with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.*

Thus we see God will bee in no mans debt: Seeke God, and prosper.

Yet for all this, *Caro ista pulveries,* this clod of earth must lye a while in dust, *Sed resurget tandem,* as a *Queenes daughter, all glorious within.*

For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart, what ſhall bee the beauty of the body glorified! ſurely though it bee not deified, yet ſhall it bee purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies ſhall bee changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be ſuch, who would not be willing, yea, glad to dye? *All the dayes of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Job, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quàm vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to be content to dye, and willing to live: But to be willing to dye, and content to live, is the minde of a ſtrong Chriſtian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipſe metus te noſter amat.

Death

Death desirable for three respects.

CHristus non ignarus vel quàm misera esset hæc vita, vel quam opabilis preciosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat. When the Senatour *Cato* was asked a question concerning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valdè recuſem: nec tum me vixisse pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.*

Could we as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelfe was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſate him downe under a Juniper tree, deſiring that he might die, ſay-

ing, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the saying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be sought in the errour of youth, yet for some respects it may be desired.*

Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus.

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sinne: Since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior: If the soules under the Altar cry, Usque quo, Domine?* If they solicite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, since deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenon* said, I have no feare but of old age.

2 Secondly, the soule that soon departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit.* And what's the distance twixt life and death? So little, as with the Ancients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt*

inter

inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi. Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as neere as joy and griefe; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expresse both.

3 Thirdly, that so wee might the sooner come to live indeed, bee in *Patria*, where now we are but in *via*. Present life is not *vita, sed via ad vitam*. For which cause, saith S. *Bernard, Præcipitat quisque vitam suam, futuri desiderio laborat, præsentium tædio*. For when we cease to be men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and lesse esteem the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus præter nunc*; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity; For man must chiefly minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit*: They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks

beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not setled in the point of immortality of the soule: for in every supernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things present, but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata. All things tend to their centre, the stones tossed from the earth borrow wings to their waighty nature to descend beneath where they have their looke: rivers are touched with amorous curiosity to revisite their mother the Sea, the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witnesse they burne but with desire onely of joyning themselves with their first beginning. Heaven is our Centre, why should not we be ravished to be there to joyne

joyne as Atoms to their unity, and as rayes to the body of their light? To shew us the way frō aloft, those torches of the night gallantly shew us their twinckling baites, they shine not to us but to shew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repose.

The Soules excellencie.

BUt what is this Soule that so delights in futures? Though it be shapelesse and immateriall, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and essence it is! *Deificatur Anima*, If shee be considered in her essentiality: *Secundum formam est Deus, secundum materiam est Anima*, saith S. *Bernard*. Her amitive vertues unite her to God, all vertues else to her. Therefore saith Saint *Ambrose*, *Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata destruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima, Deo amorosè adhærendo?*

Shee

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soule;

Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the soule, yet it is but her drudge: Christians say of the soule, that's the man; the body is but the case: Heathens could say, The soule was *divinæ particula auræ*. Some wil have it, *a spirit mixt of Fire and Aire*; Others, *a selfe-moving number*; Seneca saith, *Quid aliud est anima quam Deus in corpore humano hospitans?* Never any could give it such a definition, that either another, or himselfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it selfe cannot conceive the owne selfe-excellencie, because it suffered a composure before it selfe was. *Trismegistus* saith, the Soule is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therfore admiration rather than search, be-

comes a man in such a secret: yet good is God to man, that where we cannot reach him, he commonly descends to us. *Tully* said, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cum exissent ex iis, mori.* Saint *Bernard* saith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita, ista non perdita.* And yet this spirituall excellence of the soule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little god, my soule, *Sit ne plus ultra.* For this is an inquisition, fitter for Angelicall intelligence, then mans shallow capacity. Onely this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soule: of creatures, the lowest ranke have no life, the next have no essence, the third no reason; none but man hath grace; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the

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the ſuſtentation of his ſoule. *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camelentis, ut paſcatur vento*, it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generoſa*, as nothing but that *ſummum bonum* will ſatisfie her. Saint *Auguſtine* in a comparative betwixt things temporall and eternall, ſaith thus, We love things temporall before wee have them, more than when we have them, becauſe the ſoule when ſhe hath them cannot be ſatisfied with them; but things eternall, when they are actually poſſeſſed, are more loved than when but deſired; for neither faith could beleeve, nor hope expect ſo much as charity ſhall finde when eternitie comes in poſſeſſion. There is no ſoule in the world, how happie ſoever it thinkes it ſelfe here, but points its prehenſions beyond what he poſſeſſes here.

Hee that contemplates theſe things, will beare himſelfe too loftily, and thinke himſelfe too good to looke ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things, hee will deſpiſe theſe

vilia

ilia terræ as *ludibria mundi.*

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant, Man onely admires, *magnalia cœli.*

How then can this beauty be leased to inhabite long *contuberio isto? Bring my soule out of Prison*, saith *David, that I may praise thee.*

Non sum ubi nunc sum, saith the Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is but sepulture: for although the carkasse be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to bee the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones doe meet with soule hands, for this also Nature hath provided, *Ut disertè ait Mæcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of every good soule.

Adve-

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Th
kingdome come, O Lord; yet sait
Saint *Augustine*, *Hoc nitimur & re*
luctamur. Quis non gemens, quis no
recusans exit? Quis cum accesseri
non tergiversatur, timet, plorat?

Mans crosse Nature.

IN all things else observe how contrarily we carry our selves The labourer from his worke ha stens to his bed; The Marine rowes hard to gaine the Port, Th Traveller is glad when he is with in kenning of his Inne; yet wee when death comes to put us into our port, shun it as a Rocke, we feare what we should wish, and wish that we should feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium suum Bruto approbavit, quàm quo Populo Romano Consulatum.

Mans

Mans better choyce.

HEare, O Christian, what the *Pagan* saith,

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tarde venit.

Therefore said S. *Paul, I am in a straight betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for mee, and which to chuse, I wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or dye, Christ* was to him *advantage*: Therefore *to be loosed and to bee with Christ*, was best of all.

Till then, God grant,

That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem verò in desiderio.*

So shall I fulfill my course with joy; Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wise men, great men, and vaine men, had death in such estimation, and so undervalued life, as they fondly said, Had man beene worthy to know what life was, before he received it, he would have beene loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur scientibus.* Life would have kept us in slavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held death to be mans *summum bonum.* Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was best for man; The Oracle bade him goe home, and within three dayes he should have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the retrait of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum:* For by it every man might make himselfe happie, no man

an be longer miſerable than he ill, *Placetnè vita? vive: non pla- ? licet eò reverti unde veniſti.* They ought no ſtate miſerable, but that hich death could not remedie: herefore, ſay they, A wiſe man ves but ſo long as he ſhould, not long as he can.

If death were not in our power, e ſhould deſire it more than now e feare it; *Phocion* in *Athens* being ndemned to dye, the Executio- r refuſed to doe his office, unleſſe had twelve *Drachmæ* paid him hand: *Phocion ne mora fieret mor-* borrowed it of a friend, and ve it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, mori gratis licet. Magiſtra rerum atio taught them, that common fety lay in death, *Et invitum qui rvat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was bject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo i ſcit mori, nil poſſe fortunam.* This ade them cheriſh theſe deſperate nceits, *nil referre, faciatne finem an cipiat*; Thinking it bravery to uſe iſchiefe for a remedy. Though life

life be not, yet death is at a ma
command; *Mors nihil aliud est qu*
velle, in which respect no m
could complaine of life, *Quia*
minem tenet. If any man did co
plaine, this was their wish, *M*
utinam pavidos vita subducere nol
Sed virtus bane sola daret. In scor
some said, *Ego ne expectem, vel m*
bi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum pos
medio exire tormento & adversa dis
tere? But their braveſt conceit w
worse, that it was *genus mortis ge*
rosum, for a man to be author of h
owne death. If it be permitted
desire death, why is it ill to gi
it to themselves? *Sed furor est,*
moriare, mori.

To maintaine by reason, as we
as courage, this was their assertio
Death was naturall, therefore we
come any way, *vivere noluit, qui m*
ri non vult: He is sorry that he w
a man, that is not glad to dye. It
inevitable, therefore we must
resolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod v*
tari non potest. Fooles flie it, o
men attend it, wise men wish i

Na

y, some so prided themselves in
s way, that for care, feare, or
efe, they would not dye: *Non in-*
am mihi manus propter dolorem, nor
for feare: *Stultum est timore mor-*
mori: nor yet through threats of
rments: *Sic mori vinci est. Sed si*
erat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa
urrebant, molesta, tranquillitatem
bantia; Then it was fortitude to
spatch them, how, or with what,
mattered not:

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat, said *Seneca* when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, because the Com-
non-wealth declined: *Nerva*, be-
ause the lawes were not kept: *Sil-*
ianus, because he would not live
t the mercy of his enemie: *Lucre-*
ia to cover a dishonour: Thus may
olly doe that which Nature can-
ot defend.

But where are *these Disputers of the world*, saith Saint *Paul*? Others thought

thought death was to be expect
till Nature called for it, or Justi
tooke it. For defence of a ma
Countrey, Lawes, or Religio
men might *ponere animas suas*; b
not for ostentation, or in disco
tentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte.

Yet some will dye for wanto
nesse, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to th
utmost. Having but the use of ou
lives, wee are bound to husban
them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centine
and not to leave the place till h
Captaine call him off

*Non est optima quæ placet, sed qu
decet.*

That death was best, which wa
well recollected, quietly sufferin
what it could not possibly preven

*Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse po
test.*

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, he spared his pardon more than the pains hee threatned; nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But let goe this discourse, my Contemplation lyes another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to weare the Jewels and the Eare-rings of Ægyptians: they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his owne purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to dye. *Assidua variatur Homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to dye living: *Securus vivere est mare mortuum.* *Mardecay* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timo-

timorous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est, ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectet.* But he neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to say, There was no Happinesse but Life, it introducing eternitie, no unhappinesse but living long, it prolonging misery: for the best condition of it was but a varietie of vanities: wherefore, as life was welcome, so age was to him fearfull; the most afflicted men draw comforts from the hope of death: Therefore

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; Comforter is his Name. In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus:* But to make death easie, look thorow death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as of the glory that followes it: at the worst, *Mors non aufert vitam, sed in melius transfert*; life gives way to death, and make

makes way for it. If it be ſharpe for the time, *Puer es, ſi mavis manere in-sanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Phyſician helpes us not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death, from ſix troubles it deliuereth, & in ſeptima*, that is, at point of death, *non tanget te malum. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning.* fit your ſelfe for it, and you will never feare it; doe by it as you doe in other things; when you would goe to ſleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleepe, before you goe to ſleepe: ſo addreſſe your ſelfe to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit ſemnus dilectis initium refrigerii.
Scala Montis, Unua vita, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your ſelfe acquainted with

death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; not as a foe, but as a friend not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did *Salomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to see great men in these dayes build houses of that strength and state, as if they should alwaye live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortall soules? Like the old Romans, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues and in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain verò ædificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit Cœlum. I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Arke remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* griefe.

It is good counsell: *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis cùm ipsa tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviare exire.* Though death bee terrible yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daun-

n ill liver; So it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior:* Yet doe not as the Duelliſts and Gallants of the time doe, goe into he field to ſeeke death, and finde Honour: Swift *Aſahel*, had hee gone but ſlowly, might have o-ertaken death, but he runs to fetch t: So doe Combatants in theſe ayes, *Ubi infœlix victoria cùm vi-ior ſuccumbit vitio: nam aut morieris ro homicidio, aut vivis homicida:* Nor doe not as the wits of the time oe, put a ſcorne upon death; and o be accounted good company, are abuſe God, deſpite death, and alke prophanely; yet no man for ffending good fellowſhip, muſt eprove them: To be bitterly wit-e in invectives, pleaſes; and to ave braine enough to be a *Tymon*, eemes a jolly thing: but in theſe aſes ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, it is a ult not to find fault. *Nam quemad-odum malus ſermo ducit in peccatum, ic ſilentium relinquit in peccato*; A an may be mannerly in the forme, ut muſt be round in the matter;

For a friend cannot make a mor
improvement of his friendſhip,
than by a round reproofe of hi
friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

One ſaith well, Sin doth ill i
the eye, but worſe in the tongue
I know not, ſaith another, whe
ther the maintenance of the lea
evill, be not worſe than the com
miſſion of the greateſt, for this ma
be of frailty, that argues obſtina
cie. Likewiſe prophane ſpeeche
how ſharpe ſoever are ever hateſu
to a good eare; wherefore play n
the wanton with *heaven*, take n
part with wit againſt godlineſſe
ſuch aire poiſons goodneſſe, bring
ſadneſſe at the laſt.

Seneca obſerving that ill men i
their converſation, and good me
in their prayers made over-bo
with God, gave this counſell, S
deale with men as if God ſaw the
ſo ſpeake to God, as if men hea
thee: But ſay the good fellow
of the world, *Offendatur Deus,*
contriſtetur amicus, Let us enjoy o
ſelves; to what elſe ſerves the fu
ne

neſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt fœlicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*, ſuch an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no ſooner annointed King, but was ſent to *Rachels* ſepulchre; ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes thinke of death: For in life they found comforts to bee rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, pains permanent.

In this world we are all *Benonies*, the ſonnes of ſorrow; the way to heaven, is by weeping-croſſe. The Calendar tells us, wee come not to Aſcenſion day, till the paſſion weeke be paſt.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

It is obſerved that moſt of o.he creatures live long, but dying pe riſh all to nothing; Therefor ſome complaine of nature that ſhe hath given too long a life to a Ra ven, and too ſhort a life to a man Man that is ſhort-lived, yet he dy ing, lives eternally: Thinke bu of this, and you will thinke a Saint *Bernard* did, that life were li tle better than hell, were it not fo the hope of heaven.

Surely Chriſt would not hav dyed, but that we may dye in ſafe ty; he by death in death, delivere us from death.

And did Chriſt dye for me, tha I might live with him? I will no therefore deſire to live long fro him. Who would not goe out o himſelfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love t God, to be loth to goe to God All men goe willingly to ſee him whom they love. Our brother *Io ſeph* liveth; therefore though wit *Iacob* I cannot ſay, I will goe ſe him before I dye; Yet, Lord let m

die

die, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of Ægypt, but thorow the Red Sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Augustine* was once of the minde, that he would not leave present pleasures for future hopes; but afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudet vivere in deliciis, cùm Christus vixit in periculis.* *Moses* when he came of yeares, refused to be called the son of *Pharaohs* Daughter, chusing rather to suffer affliction with Gods children, than to enjoy the pleasures of sinne for a season. Prosperous for-

tunes many times hinder a chee
full dying, but this petulant wor
muſt be left. The vaine pride
man befooles him, and eaſily ca
ries him to ridiculous affectations
But conſcience of ſin muſt not b
exchanged for the ſenſe of plea
ſure. To labour in conquering vic
is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhou
take. The holy man exclaimes,
quàm multi ſunt qui mundum da
nant, & tamen pauci relinquunt! E
very ſenſe about us, upon the lea
temptation, is a traytour to th
ſoule. The body it ſelfe, if you ſe
too high a price upon it, will mak
a cheape ſoule. *Magna corporis cur*
magna mentis incuria: A man ma
be as happie in Ruſſet as in Tiſſue
and he is an unhappie man, whoſ
outſide is his beſt ſide; vile is Na
ture in her beſt dreſſe. It was goo
counſell of the Preacher, Care no
for glorious apparell, but apparel
your ſelfe with glory. A ſpruc
Roman, riding on a leane Jade, wa
asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; h
anſwered, *Ego curo meipſum, Statiu*
ver

verò equum; I looke to my selfe, but my man to my horse. So vaine men looke to their bodies, looke who list to his soule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abusio est*, saith *Stella*.

Also high fortunes lead men to strange fashions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we must fashion our selves as the Countryman doth, who when he comes to Court, soone shakes off his clownish tricks, and gets a civill behaviour: *Mundum cum suis frivolis*, a good man must contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and especially take heed where you live, for the very place of pleasure is dangerous; In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Job* on the dunghill; yet *Job* was *fortior in stercore, quam Adam in Paradiso*; We are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when he had seene the magnificencie and

tunes many times hinder a chee
full dying, but this petulant wor
muſt be left. The vaine pride
man befooles him, and eaſily ca
ries him to ridiculous affectations
But conſcience of ſin muſt not b
exchanged for the ſenſe of plea
ſure. To labour in conquering vic
is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhoul
take. The holy man exclaimes,
quàm multi ſunt qui mundum dam
nant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!
very ſenſe about us, upon the lea
temptation, is a traytour to th
ſoule. The body it ſelfe, if you ſe
too high a price upon it, will mak
a cheape ſoule. *Magna corporis cur*
magna mentis incuria: A man ma
be as happie in Ruſſet as in Tiſſue
and he is an unhappie man, whoſ
outſide is his beſt ſide; vile is Na
ture in her beſt dreſſe. It was goo
counſell of the Preacher, Care no
for glorious apparell, but apparel
your ſelfe with glory. A ſpruc
Roman, riding on a leane Jade, wa
asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; h
anſwered, *Ego curo meipſum, Statiu*
ver

verò equum; I looke to my ſelfe, but my man to my horſe. So vaine men looke to their bodies, looke who liſt to his ſoule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abuſto eſt*, ſaith *Stella*.

Alſo high fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countryman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoone ſhakes off his clownish tricks, and gets a civill behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis*, a good man muſt contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live, for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous; In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the dunghill; yet *Job* was *fortior in ſtercore, quam Adam in Paradiſo*; We are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when he had ſeene the magnificencie and

ſtate of Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his hooke the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping Sheepe to be a Shepherd of men, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition: but this is not our condition now adayes; we are more for our ſheep than our ſoules. Man is the ſon of deſires: but judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceiveable vizards; under the faire face of life lurkes griefe, under the foule feature of Death (which is but fancie) lyes felicitie; Take off the mask, and you wil change your minde; loath that you loved, and love that you loathed.

Vita habitu caſto cùm non ſit caſta videtur:
Mors prater cultum nil meretricis habet.

The kindes of Death.

THe kindes of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other ſpirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and ſoule, bodily death is the ſeparation of body and ſoule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The firſt in this life when Chriſt lives in him; The ſecond, when his body returnes to earth, and his ſoule to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the world, when body and ſoule re-united ſhall enjoy heaven:

So likewiſe a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſin while he lives, Dead in ſoule when he dyes; Dead in body and ſoule, when both ſhall be adjudged and condemned.

Malis ſit mors ſine morte,

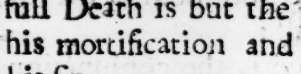
Finis

Finis sine fine.

Defectus sine Defectu.

Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit & deficere defectus nescit.

On the other side, to the faithfull Death is but the finishing of his mortification and burying of his sin.



Freedome of Death.

THe freedomes wee have by Death are many.

1 First, from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati*, that's their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esset homini; non ferre, non esset viri. But what are mo-

omentany afflictions to an eter-
ll weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery
a privative good, putting a pe-
od to all ill: Man in misery, saith
ob, longs for Death, and digs for it,
ore than treasure; *Mors finis est, non*
œna: nay, saith one, *Nec finis, nec*
œna; *bonis lex est, non pœna perire.* It
s another *Moses* unto man, delive-
ing him out of bondage and ma-
ing Bricke in Ægypt.
It ends sins, not life; it reformes,
ut doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum
Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all cor-
oral all infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we
lie by corruption of humours,
whether they be of body or man-
ners; who so thinkes to heale all
nfirmities with an easier plaister
han death, *Delinimenta potiùs quàm*
emedia podagræ sua ponit.

4 Fourth-

4 Fourthly, it frees us from a
bodily labours: Man is the subje
of the earth by labour, of heave
by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Bl*
sed are they that dye in the Lord, th
rest from their labours. Adeo juvat e
cupatum mori: Here I have labou
without rest: There I shall hav
rest without labour. In this Res
perfect Tranquillity; in this Tran
quillity, Contentment; in th
Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Va
riety; in this Variety, Security; i
this Security, Eternity; So to Ref
to Rise, to Reigne, what more t
be wished?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all care
and troubles: *Refrigeries est anim*
Refection to the soule; Were w
but in a throng, we would think
that man at ease who gets out firs
Noah, when he had beene tosse
but a yeare upon the waters, the
Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad
some place; so likewise miserabl
man after many wearisome yeare
tossed up and downe the world a
in a troubled sea, will be glad o
death

eath, as of Mount *Ararat*, a resting lace for his tyred soule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good ne:

Mors ærumnarum requies.

The long sicke man wrote upn his grave-stone, *Hic ero sanus.*

In Warres we often releeve the Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath o releefe but Death.

6 Lastly, Death doth us not the east pleasure in freeing us from hantasmes and vaine pleasures: *Periclitatur enim castitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis. Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in sæculo.*

And yet some pleasures may stand with innocency; For God loves to see his creatures happy, but commonly the pleasures of the body are the poysons of the soule: a man smothered in Roses meets with Death, though in sweetnesse; *Delicatæ enim mentes enervat fœlicitas:* In vaine mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladnesse in laughter: *Nam res est severa verum Gaudium:* The only

only object of true joy is God. *the multitude of sorrowes that I had my heart, thy comforts have refresh mee, and doe delight my soule*, sai *David.*

Delight in pleasures, and yo shall finde your greatest pleasur become your bittерest paines.

Miser homo, cujus gaudium cr men habet.

But cherish that Syntereſis, th naturall power in the soule, an that will stirre you up to a cheere fulnesse in goodnesse: *Ne quær Deum in hortis & pascuis deliciarum Moses cum invenit in spinis & asperi tate vitæ.*

A man whose soule is conver sant with *God*, shall find more plea sure in the desart and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires of Nature; even Princes must dye; *I have said you are gods, but you shall dye like men.*

The

The benefits by Death.

THE benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſint.* Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we ſhall have *Pretium*; *Sedete à dexteris*, will be our welcome. Here mans regeneration is never accompliſhed: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in part, but then I ſhall know as I am knowne: now I ſee darkly, as in a glaſſe, then ſhall I ſee face to face. There ſhall be new Heavens, new Earth; the world ſhall be made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim meliorationem, non interitum: Old things are paſſed away, behold,* ſaith S^t. *Paul, all things are become new. There ſhall be no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes,* ſaith *Eſay.* The Heavens

Heavens you behold shall be supe
invested with new indowmen
made everlasting habitations f
the Saints departed, *Erimus par*
cipes, non tantùm spectatores glori
Enjoy with these eyes *visionem*
lam beatificam, Joy unspeakable, an
this joy, saith Saint *Iohn*, *No m*
shall take from you.

Thirdly, inseparable fellowshi
with Christ: *They follow the Lamb*
whithersoever he goeth. There we sha
be married to him, here we be bu
contracted; *Desponsabo te mihi*, sait
the Prophet. Those favours an
love-tokens I have here received,
doe but inflame, not satisfie: An
these I am willing to part with, les
they should make me loth to depart
to him that gave me them.

Meretricius est amor, plùs annulum
quàm sponsum amare.

Lastly, it brings me where I
would be; into my owne *Countrey*,
into *Paradise*, where I shall meet,
not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*,
Catones, Scipiones & Scevola's; But
Abraham,

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Patriarchs my fathers, the Saints my brothers, the Angels my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolkes that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint Paul saith; we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the celestiall Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soule for thee; O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy house, than dwell* here, though in chambers of pleasure: and know this, that Glory followes Grace; if little Grace be here, lesse will be the Glory hereafter.

Touching

Touching the ſecond generall Diviſion.

II.

The Feares or Ioyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

Timor eſt dolor, *The King of feares* is Death; For nothing is abſolutely fearfull, but what tends to death. *The living dogge*, ſaith *Salomon*, *is better than the dead Lion*. The paſt life excells the beſt bare being. Naturally men feare Death, becauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor*

ſurgit

surgit ab amore: Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted because they were not.

Very not being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not being.

Christians were wont to be of that courage that they feared nothing but sinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum.* But why should a man feare death that doth but restore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; sed si sperare desideras, desine timere.* Feares, as all passions, doe disquiet the heart: Yet just feare breeds but care; and feare mixt with faith, solicites unto goodnesse: but distrustfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant; These men are desperate: Goe on, and shut up a careless life with a disconsolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evill life. Feare vice specially in age, lest the nearer you come

ome to death, the farther you goe om life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *eriiſſem niſi periiſſem.*

It is true, the name of Death to oſt is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis agis terret quàm ipſa mors.* Grones, onvulſions, diſcoloured faces, heſe ſhew Death terrible; becauſe od loves at firſt to make way for imſelfe by terrour, but at laſt conveyes himſelfe to us in ſweetneſſe. nd what trouble can the feare reed, when that which is feared is avour?

That *Philoſopher* is not to be ſolowed, who to prepare himſelfe he better for Death, did ſet forth eath moſt fearfully: nor yet is that mperour to be praiſed who ſo litle eſteemed death, as he dyed in a omplement.

The feare of Death, is worſe han the paines of Death: *Timor mortis, ipſa morte pejor*; Beauſe feare of Death kils us often, where Death it ſelfe can doe it ut once. And when that is done, aith *Job*, the *Wombe will forget thee,*

thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on th

There is nothing more miser
ble or fooliſh than alwayes to fear

The *Philoſopher* thought, that
Death (as bad as men count it) we
not mingled with bitterneſſe, m
would run to it with deſire and i
diſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & t
mentes æquè objurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not be trou
bled with too much care, nor Dea
with too much feare; becauſe fear
betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuc
cours which reaſon would affor
to both: But he is more ſorrowfu
than is neceſſary, that is ſorrowfu
before there be neceſſity. Nor wi
I ever think my ſoule in good caſe
ſo long as I feare to thinke of d
ing. When the Prince of Life w
under the Arreſt of Death, the
Deaths ſeeming victory was terri
ble: But now, *O Death, where is t*
ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory

Feares multiply evils, Faith d
miniſhes them; yet moſt men wiſ

t mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quàm ſem-
er impendeat, becauſe nothing is ſo
painfull as to dwell long under the
xpectation of ſome great evill. Of
hemſelves, paines of Death are
only throwes of travell that bring
orth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur cor-
us; gaudet quòd abſolvitur, quòd re-
olvitur non ſentit.

The Heathen man could ſay,
Non ego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt
mortem; ſed quid ad mortem, quid poſt
mortem? If there be any feares in
Death, *Quare juvenes non timent ſe-*
neſ? But it is the nature of feare,
to make dangers greater, helps leſſe
than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word
brought him that his deare and on-
y ſon was dead; *Scio*, ſaid he, *me*
genuiſſe mortalem. The ſons condi-
ion ſatisfied the fathers paſſion.

There is no ſuch gentle removall
of griefes, or life's diſcontents, as
the right ſenſe of Death; nor can
that man either live at eaſe, or yet

D con-

contentedly, that lives continuall
in feare of Death. *Nil in morte m*
tuamus, si nihil timendum vita noſtr
commiſit. Never feare what yo
ſhall ſuffer when you are dead,
you have not deſerved it while yo
lived.

In learning to live, ſtudy how t
dye. We take great care to beſto
our time well while we live; but h
leeſes all his time, that knowes n
how to end his time.

Neſcire mori miſerrimum.

Socrates *de morte diſputabat uſq*
ad ipſam. When *Otho* and *Cato* ha
prepared all things for their deat
they ſetled themſelves to ſleep
when they awaked, and found the
ſelves upon the ſtroke of executio
all they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio d*
eſt, mors remedio. Tyrants have be
told to their faces, that their m
tall wounds made the Sufferers I
mortall.

Vivere non poteſt, qui mori non au

The

There is no man so valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongst the Heathens, *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores.*

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere,* but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weaknesse; yet feares be not alwayes ill symptomes before death, nor in death. At that instant Nature will reluct to keepe still her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleasing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the best had beene, not to have beene, *Non nasci optimum*; His next best were, to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worse that he must dye. Therefore not being sure of a better life, he would faine make much of this. He is conscious to himselfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinkes, *Dum spiro, spero*; and so flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ*

tormentum, nolit vivere, & nescit mori.
A good man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere est*, but *diis mori?* His word is *Cùm expiro, spero*; my body only lived *spirando*, my soule lives *sperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur.* To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, is his rather, therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me? wait on God.*

The difference of soules as well in dying as living.

SOule and Soule are difference in dying, as well as in being. The Atheist dares not dye for feare of *non esse*; The ill liver dares not die for feare of *malè esse*; The doubtfull conscience dares not dye *nescit*

endo, whether he ſhall be, not be, or be damned; Only the good man dares and deſires to dye. He is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I feare, when I know in whom I beleeve,* ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation,* ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the act of Death: But his conſcience will not let him dye; he knowes the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning of worſe, yea, ſuch as Death it ſelfe cannot terminate; for that would be happineſſe enough, had he hope there would be an end at the leaſt.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good; *As the tree falleth, ſo it lyeth*; As Death leaves him, ſo Judgement ſhall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had ſome good in it, could he have ſeene it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore;

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, nor yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-thinke what bitter paines our ſweet ſinnes will coſt, we would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their Soules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for love, ſhall tremble for feare, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of Conſcience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, All ye that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus.* Then pangs of death, anguiſh of conſcience, frights of Hell meeting all together, will render a man perfectly miſerable.

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other mens harmes: for though

though we love our ſelves better than others, yet we ſee others better than our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if we would ſee our owne caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which he feeles.

Seldome doth he dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practice well doing, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of well dying.

Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? We ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus et anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint?* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum* ſhall we give when ſoule and body part? *Siccine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there ſhall I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, ſaith the Booke of Kings. The ſpirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loth. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.*

Faith will aſſure God is thy Father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers ſide prevaile not. Shee will play *Naomies* part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but reſolve thou with *Ruth* to ſee what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou ſhalt finde a *Boaz*.

In iſta hora, every man will make *Balaams* ſuit, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happie.) *Beatus vult homo eſſe, etiam non ſic vivendo ut poſſit eſſe.* Some there are that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived. But ſuch wiſhes will not ſerve, Death will not be ſatisfied with wiſhes, nor with words. Heaven

ven is full of good works, Hell full of good wishes. He must *piè vivere*, that will *securè mori*. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum meum*. But it is not the last words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used his in this life, so he will use ours after Death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vitâ, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransome of his owne soule; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis amissi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi:* and thy soule already knowes in *conscientia tua*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*; For

thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt looke for: *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium.* In that day ſhall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good, or evill workes.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwayes juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelfe; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulſe of the Soule:

There-

Therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or ſoule, feele how this beats, that will tell you: yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conſcience; neither thinke, as ſome doe, that it is a crime to make a conſcience of our actions. The Booke of Wiſedome ſaith, That *wickedneſſe being preſſed with conſcience, fore-caſteth grievous things*: feare is full of projects.

Nemo ſeveriorem ſeipſo habet judicem: Therefore *non timere judicium*, is a deſperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It ſhewes a Chriſtian courage, *Regnum Dei poſtulare*: But a man had need of a good cauſe, that wiſhes the comming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the beſt men that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Chriſt himſelfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Chriſt, not many hours before he ſuffered, ſaid,

said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam ?* and at the very point of death, said, *Father, if it bee thy will, let this Cup passe from mee.* When *David* said, *Save Lord for thy mercies sake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee. And Ezechias wept sore,* when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye. Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse,* was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I doe ?* Wee were all to seeke, but that Christ bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death, Mors morte redempta est.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousnesse.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath secured feare, *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can he feare in death, whose death is his hope ? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur. Right precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints.*

See

See then what makes men willing or loth to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said *Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbeare the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit aeri, ut se satiaret vento.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleepe, all things continue as they were: Libere ignorant, ut liberius peccent;* These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis pejor est mundus cùm blanditur, quàm cum indignatur.*

Some say, *Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye, Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making

themſelves miſerable, live as if they came into the world but to act a ſad mans part and dye.

De tanta lætitia, quanta triſtitia!

Theſe wiſh a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weake minds ſeeke eaſe in change. Therefore well ſaid the Son of *Syrach, O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whoſe ſtrength failes? That is now in his laſt Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that deſpaireth and hath loſt patience.* Contrariwiſe, *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at reſt in his poſſeſſions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that proſpereth in all things. (Sed, ô ſeculum nequam, quòd ſolos tuos ſic ſoles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos.)*

Certainly to this man that thus lives at eaſe in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to uſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a ſad and bitter meditation to thinke that death muſt take

take him from all these joyes, wherin his heart tooke pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but paines in their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi !* said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; so doe they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus!

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vaine hopes, impure pleasures, false honours, dangerous greatnesse, unsatisfying wealth, stormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men covet, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor divisum.* A man cannot looke up to heaven with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividendus terrenis*; Christ would not have his Coat divided.

It

If thy heart be ſet on heaven thy ſoule will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, looke upward. A good Chriſtian is high minded. *Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.* The minde contemplating heaven, walkes beyond eye-ſight, and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcernes God, as if he were at hand. There be certaine Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe as they thinke all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. We are never well but when we are converſing with others, but our converſation is ſeldome in heaven where it ſhould be. *Moſes* was with God in the mountaine, and came downe gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the mount, cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula:* Whoever they be that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyle increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right,

thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum* God loves. It is noted in nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God inlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit.* Nor yet the face of death, for it will looke upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.* Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in Death: The world-lover ends his hope and happineſſe, when he dyes: As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to Death, *Haſt thou found mee, O mine enemie?* Whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Abimaaz*, Let come and welcome, for *he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret,*

veret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet. For a weake mans rules may be better than the beſt mans actions. But how-ever the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to conveigh over a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe: The thought of Death (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off joyes the better, therefore now to ſee the joyes that Death brings.

The

The joyes brought by Death.

PEr *angusta pervenitur ad augusta:* The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampsons*, Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good mans quality is to looke thorow Death at Glory. When we thinke upon the separation of body and soule, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let Death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curo, saith *Ignatius*, *si ferarum dentes me molverint, modò pura iam farina Christo.*

And yet the body thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor be
ly of the beast, nor yet receives li
or sense from the soule, nor ha
aptitude in it selfe to reanimatio
whileſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job, by t
sent of water will bud againe, b
man is sicke and dyeth, and where
he?* Surely not loſt, but laid a whi
at reſt.

But when the great Aſſiſes, th
generall *venite* comes; Then look
what the condition of Chriſt w
in his death, the like ſhall be of h
members. The Body and Soule o
Chriſt were ſevered as farre as he
ven and the grave were diſtant
yet neither of them were parte
from the God-head: So likewi
our bodies and ſoules, though re
and pulled in ſunder millions o
miles diſtant; yet neither of the
are ſevered or diſ-joyned fro
Chriſt our head.

Qui prædixit, Revixit, and thi
hath wrought it. Humane wiſe
dome cannot comprehend this
Weake faith lookes for meanes
an

nd is put to ſhifts, when ſhe ſees
nem faile; and yet Reaſon mini-
ers helpe to Faith, though it be
o ground of Faith. *Nam fides non*
ollit, ſed potius extollit rationem.
Reaſon, the chiefeſt peece of man,
would, but cannot reach ſo high.
Grace that hath taken up her ſeat in
he Soule, makes Reaſon ſee what
Nature cannot: And yet man, doe
what he can, is ſtill apt to ſeeke a
reaſon why he ſhould beleeve. But
Omnipotencie, which workes by
mprobabilities, tels us, there is no
trong faith where there is appa-
ant meanes. Difficulties and im-
probabilities are the proper objects
of faith, *Crede, quod non vides, &*
videbis, quod non credis.

Philoſophers ſay, that credulity
upon weak grounds, is the daugh-
ter of Folly. But as opinion is ow-
ing unto reaſon, ſo is Faith to Re-
ligion. With them, to beleeve no-
thing for which they ſaw not rea-
ſon, was counted wiſdome.

But faith is not faith if reaſon
comprehend it; Faith and Reaſon
have

have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proofe of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead revive againe in the Spring: because the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this Mystical Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue shal stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrinke not at the

possi-

possibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid downe in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Prophesie upon these bones, and say, *O ye dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust*, saith *Esay*, for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs: and the earth shall cast out her dead. *I know* saith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face.* Our bodies you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the

losse

losse of his friend, expostulate thus with Death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & majestate carnem illam quam rere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurare corpori claritatis suæ.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleeved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envie, not sorrow? Now that the childe is dead, wherefore should I fast or weepe, said *David?* Grief preceding evill, if it be used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot be too little. The arrest

rreſt of Death ſhall not alwayes
eepe him that lyes downe in
peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Au-*
ſtine, ſhall be raiſed, *Tantâ facili-*
tate, quantâ felicitate, with as much
aſe as happineſſe: *Nam mors tan-*
tùm intermittit vitam, non eripit; it
loth not diſanull, but diſcontinue
ife. And by our riſing we are re-
nitted to our better right: A life
which never dyes, a morning that
ath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death
y of life, as *Iohn Baptiſt* ſaid of
Chriſt, *He that commeth after mee, is*
before mee.

O ſweet word! Life, the beſt
onoſyllable in the world, Gods
wne attribute: *Deus vivit.* And
my ſoule (ſaith *Job*) *ſhall live, for my*
Redeemer liveth.

And is this life but the childe of
eath? Then bleſſed alſo be the
ord *Death*, the mother of life, *I*
will no more call thee Marah, but
Naomi: for thou art not bitter, but
weet, more pleaſant, though ſwif-

ter in thy gate thã the Roe or Hinde. The Stoike could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium.* But what saith Saint *Iohn? I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write; Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord, they dye no more, Death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes.* *Petronella* the daughter of Saint *Peter, febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurreret, hoc illi præstare respondit,* It was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely see, how death, which seemes to dispossesse us of all, puts us in possession of more than that all:

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

It is but being which we have by birth. A better being is by death: *Esse naturæ est, bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ.* Mans happie being

is

is Eternity. Gods proper Name s, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happie while he lives: But the world will carce afford him a vacation unto orrowes. No man can speake him appie, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat.* here is divine Philosophy in that ying, *Others bring forth the best wine rst, but thou bringest that which is est last.* The end of man is better han man, whose birth is Sin, his fe Folly, his death Rottennesse.

Though we cannot brag of our rentage, because *our father was Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; nd it is but a windie happinesse hat is fought in titles taken upon thers credit: yet it was happinesse o me, that God wrapt me up in is Covenant, reserved me for a me of truth, derived me of religi- Parents, and made me a subject vertuous and gracious Kings. et this birth brought me into a orld of miseries, allowing no cea-

sing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit.* For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Prophata.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices curris animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer*; Where for Love, I shall be a Sonne; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happie and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sin glorifies: for we know, saith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle doe groane, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Old

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his son *Iosephs* power in Ægypt, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Ægypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Iosephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happie alone,) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in desires: for indeed the best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Bodie at their meeting.

HAPPINESSE communicated, doubles it selfe; these two Cousins, Soule and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet in the Hill-countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soule and body separate for a season, (although in the *interim* the Soule doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet againe in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The soule saying to the body, rise up my love, my faire one, and come away, for loe the Winter is past, the time of singing of birds is come.

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Ioseph*, when mutuall losse and separation for a while did more endeare each to other.

In-

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Country, and the Land of Promise, to see his younger sonne *Joseph*, though in Ægypt? What then shall be the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land, and goe to see her elder brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *Cupio dissolvi* was Saint *Pauls* wish. For this tedious mortality, pleasant it how man can, will grow intollerable, if Death doe not disburden it. Long living so lodes us with sin, as sinne it selfe tyres at last him that loved it best.

It is an Inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sin will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of sin, are cast out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is

beset with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer mistake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc esse mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, but will hold with Saint *Augustine*.

Per vitam ad mortem transitus est: per mortem ad vitam reditus est.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Thinke the Pagans had some sense of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who held, that although the Soule of man was then infused when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to sorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy rest, O my soule,

for

for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremiah*, who said, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be blessed.*

If we observe mans ingresse into the world, his progresse in it, his egresse out of it, we must needs wonder, and say with *David, Lord, what is man?* And yet he was a King that said it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget? Quis errat? Solus (ben sortes) homo. Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a spirituall body, not in substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malachy, The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with healing in his wings.*

The third generall Diviſion.

III.

When Death is to be prepared for; and how.

The time when.

PLATO, that *Deus Philoſophiæ*, ſaith, There is *nulla ſalutaris Philoſophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*. And *ſine iſta meditatione tranquillo eſſe animo nemo poteſt*. Dreadfull Death laughes at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, ſaith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy,

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ſophy, to ſtudy a mans mortalitie *Mortis meditatio eſt vita ſapientiæ* Politikes ſay, *Tota vita diſcendum eſt vivere.* But ſaith *Seneca, Hoc magis miraberis, Tota vita diſcendum eſt mori.* The Divine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum.*

Fooles would faine doe at laſt that which wiſe men doe at firſt Prepare for their end. Careleſſ men thinke the Signiory of time at their command, to doe what the liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by govern ment, not by time: Time it ſelf is *menſura Temporis*: but we muſt conſider, wee have litt power over the preſent, leſſe o ver the future. *Davids* examp is worth the following, wh cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let mee kno mine end, and the meaſure of my daye what it is, and how long I have to liv All the dayes of mine appointed tim* ſaith *Job, I will watch till my chan ging ſhall come.*

Time it ſelfe, which covers a that

that's past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past, The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a servant equall to all, holds pace, and flyes as fast in idlenesse as in businesse:

So that though time well spent diminishes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treasure for a future time; and thus is rather a husbanding, than consuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, said *Vespasian*. He lives in safety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time most men miscast it, counting for first, that which is last; and that last, which is first: beginning the account from the day of birth: where-

as

as our deaths day, is our first day for the last of life, is the first day life, we then ceasing to dye, whe we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tri tempora vita dividitur: Quod est Quod fuit, Quod futurum est: E his, quod agimus breve est: Qu acturi sumus, dubium; Quod egimu certum.

Reckon first with time past, an you may make time to come cer taine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceive many a man; but when the Sunn comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solstice, then looke for turning of thy dayes: Impose a honest and happy necessity upo thy selfe, and thinke of dyin timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse* up on all things in the world. Bu saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to be na med, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speake of Death: *Hic solùm fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It

It may be ſaid of Death, as is of the Kingdome of Heaven, it comes not by obſervation. He lives not, that knowes where, when, or how he ſhall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes he muſt dye.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore ſaid one, *Dementiæ eſt*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preſerved himſelfe from dying, by forgetting Death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſhman asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeares are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeares at all, but Death hath forborne me theſe fiftie yeares.

Look at Death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeeme at hand, though it be farre off: *Ante ſenectutem*

tevi curandum bene vivere, in senectute bene mori.

The very Heathens through Natures instinct, provided themselves for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Rosas cape, Tangere nardos;
Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

SAlomon saying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well, whereunto two things were most requisite.

First, a timely preparation before death was most requisite.

Nam facile sustinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Morall men, wise *Seneca* was wont to say, *Sæpe*

debemus

debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus. Wee ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last we dye indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgias* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing, but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quòd non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; ciamur nec sensu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet:* Hee that sees the Basilisk before he be seene of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shall not feele it when it comes.

Procraftination is the great enemie to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras Cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus*, *Jam mala finissem leiho, sed credula vitam spes alit, & melius cras fore, semper ait*: but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis*

Post-

Posthume, vixit heri. We pray d
ly, Lord give us this day our da
bread. *Dum dicitur, Hodie*, w
should remember, Life is but a d
Dies, non seculum, Wherefore sai
Salomon, Talke not of to morrow, ne
enim quid superventura pariet dies.

By deferring we presume up
that we have not, and neglect t
we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ positum e
disponimus; quod in tua est, dimitti
which made the Heathen Poet,
vino furore instinctus, utter *hæc salute*
carmen,

Optima quæque dies miseris mort
libus ævi Prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay n
thy prepare for death, till the a
proaches of Death. *Recordare novi*
simum, & non peribis in æternum.

In evils to be prevented, dela
is a kinde of ease, not so in goo
things.

Doe therefore the worke of th
day *in die suo.* No man can promi
himselfe a morrow.

Flere

Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensem:

Rides, cùm non sit forsitan una dies.

Every man hath his day. Jerusalem, *hadd'st thou knowne this but in this thy day*, thou wouldest not, &c. *Est & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is past, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita est nisi vigilia*, the eve of another day.

A man, saith *Luther*, lives fortie yeares before he knowes himselfe to be a foole; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So men dye before they begin to live.

The case therefore of those men most unhappie, who after fortie or fifty yeares of dayes, in their misspent time (for it was but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now ready to dye, are even then to learne how to dye, when they are in the Act of dying.

Quæ tam stulta mortalitatis oblivio,

Inde

Inde velle vitam inchoare; quò p
ci perduxerimus?

To dye well is too bufie a wor
to be done well *extempore.*

Deferring as well as presumin
makes many men implicite
theists.

It was a sweet speech, and migh
well have become an elder bod
which a young innocent childe
my owne used in extremity of sic
nesse, Mother, what shall I doe?
shall die before I know what Dea
is. I beseech you tell mee what
Death, and how I should d
Death is the known'st and u
known'st thing in the world. *C*
re multum interest, peccare aliquis
lit, an nescit. But there is *nil miseri*
morienti, quàm nescire mori; nay, sai
one, *Tolerabilius est non esse, qu*
nescire mori.

Sith then it is a thing as we
naturall as necessary for a man t
dye, it is no thankes to a man t
pay that willingly, which he mu
doe of necessity. But in paying o
thi

is debt, wisedome counsels two
ings:
First, to consider the time when.
Secondly, the meanes, how.
For the time; Seeke not Death
the errour of thy life. *Remember*
y Creator in the dayes of thy youth,
hile the evill dayes come not, nor the
ares approach wherein thou shalt say,
have no pleasure in you. Before the
ver cord be loosed, the golden Ewer bro-
n: Before the Almond-tree flourish,
d the Grashopper be a burthen: Be-
the keepers of the house shall trem-
, the strong men bow, the grinders
se, they wax darke that looke out of
windows, and the daughters of Mu-
ke be brought low.
Old *Barzillai* being in this case,
fused all the pleasures of a Kings
ouse, though he was kindly in-
eated by the King himselfe.
Age or sickneſse will make a man
apt either to compose, or dis-
ose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi*
rda fluunt, ingrataque tempora. It is
o fit time then to prepare to dye,
hen it is a burthen to live; So in
the

the Law, God required the first fruits, not the lees for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it selfe is a young death. Age doth solicite Death, Youth scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to businesse for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve most by laying up.

Three signes of approaching Death.

DOe you desire some signes of death, before you prepare your selfe for death? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubia infirmitas gravia, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus præsentem.* Age and sickneſſe ſummon men to their diſſolution.

When

When *Ezechiah* had beene ſicke
o death, he wrote thus: *In the*
ting off my dayes, I ſhall goe to the
es of the graue. I reckoned to the
ning, I ſhall walke weakly all my
res, in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule.
Thus it fareth with every man in
e or ſickneſſe; when a man be-
s to be ſicke, his ſenſes are whol-
buſied about the diſeaſe. The
yſician is then conferring with
n of the ſtate of his body. The
wyer is then conſulted with a-
t thy worldly ſtate. The Mini-
touching thy ſoules health.
y friends are then unwelcome;
angers trouble thee; Viſits of-
d thee; thy owne ſervants can-
pleaſe thee; Other mens diſ-
rſes tire thee; to ſpeake thy
e ſpends thee; and to be ſilent
ves thee; not to be told how
u doeſt, vexes thee; to be told
w ill thou art, diſcomforts thee;
it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee
wife and children (thoſe peeces
hy ſelfe in another kinde) wee-
g and lamenting by thee.

Thus

Thus miserably we poore men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing. At the houre of death perturbations arising from the greatnesse of griefes, and the neerenesse of death, have great force to disturbe the senses, and will disable the heart from lifting it selfe up to God; for where dolours are, there wil be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better than his soule; therefore it is a madnesse in a businesse of the soule, to tarry and await for the worst disposition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will secretly study how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times hee despised. God knowes, a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young

Isaac

Isaac of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when he comes neare the goale of death, even for some intrinsecall cause, though unknowne to himselfe, is then weary of himselfe, and entertaines life with a tedious dislike. *Tunc injucunda est rei pœnitenda recordatio*, distasting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juveni lusus qui placuere juvant.

In the straits of death, then he prayes, God deliver me; then he thinkes, O how I am straitned till be accomplished, *Abyssus abyssum invocat*, Sad words, breathing sorrowes.

But this should have been done, when strength of understanding served, *Nam serum est tunc vivere incipere, cùm definendum. O Animæ necatrix! O Tepida & negligens, quæ non in vivis fuisti*, Never looke to

heaven; *quid ages*, when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*. Then to see thy selfe besieged: *hinc doloribus, illinc angustiis mortis*; the worme of conscience gnawing, evil spirits tempting to despaire, thine owne thoughts casting up thy sins. *Quid facies anima miserabilis? Quò te vertes? comparere erit intollerabile, fateri impossibile.* Therefore be wise, and deferre not thy Repentance to this time, for at this time these perturbations and confusions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de salute*. Saint *Augustine* sayes well, *Nemo potest male mori qui bene vixit, & bene moritur qui male vixerit*; therefore, *vt tutius possis vivere & mori securius*, Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soone as flowers spring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diversities of the flowery fields, suckes the sweetest of them, fraights her thighes, makes a curious combe, and so betimes hoards up Honey in Summer against the Winter.

Mors hyems est; orate ne fiat fu-

ve-

vestra hyeme. Why is the Winter harder to the Grashopper than to the Ant? Prudencie in one, and imprudencie in the other differs them. To a wise heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Thinke not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this worke. *Manna* must be gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happie is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evill; prevision is the best prevention. It is said of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes suos ad se collegit: Sic tu animi pedes.* Those cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrasti*: Gather them up, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too

early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first and last are sleepie Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo præcingat se secunda & tertia.* These are the watches Christ mention for his comming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall finde so doing*: But if that servant say in his heart, my Lord delayes his comming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he lookes not for him.

Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickneſse is commonly as sick as the party, yeelding then, when he cannot resist; and then preparing

and

nd repenting, when all other helps nd hopes faile.

Eloquent Death, *in die suo*, will ell thee, the happineſſe of timely epentance; an houre here may obaine a pardon, which all eternitie annot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance. One ſaith well, Play not he Courtier with your ſoule. The ourtier doth all things late, riſes ate, dines late, ſups late, repents ate.

Sera pœnitentia rarò vera.

The dew of thy birth is of the wombe of the morning.

The end of time affords little ime, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior in fine.* Holy *Job* tels us, *If thy ones be full of the ſinne of thy youth, hey will lye downe with thee in the duſt.* *ed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & judicium non ſequantur.* When eath hath foulded up thy dayes, all pportunity is paſt. The Cocke owed; but that *Gallicinium*, ſo ill a voice could not awake thee. herefore *Cygnicinium*, that dole-

full musicke must end the Scene.

Doe therfore by thy conscience as men deale with their Stewards call it to account *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, Non possis vel licare amplius*; Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam put sed nec nundinæ post hanc vitam n quæstus loci.*

In a long mis-led life we amas many sinnes; it will aske great l bour to quit them. Great labo and little time suit not. Therefo worke while it is day. *The nig commeth when no man can wor* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio cla diei, & sera noctis: Repent and b converted,* said Saint *Peter, that yo sinnes may be blotted out when the ti of refreshing shall come. Few and ev are the dayes* of the longest liv man; Yet to every man there i *Triduum,* a space of three dayes le but sleepe not, *usque Quatriduu* lest it be said, *He hath lyen foure da in the grave: Iam fœtat.*

One observeth, that God rest red life to three men; to one in b

be

bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive sin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in sinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and stanke in his grave. The primitive Church called them *Clinici Christiani*, Bedred Christians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy selfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illa hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from desperation.

It is a strange thing to see that old men wil not see death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to seeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the devill told him he would not be so cozened.

Non omnes fallit, scit te Proserpina canum.

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physitian finde some ill symptomes, the patient may not be disheartned with the name of death. *Zeno* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physician must have given us over, before we will send for *Barnabas* the sonne of Consolation: *Ubi desinit medicus, incipit dominus*, say most men. But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sicke, but let him see his sins, for he is the good Physician of my soule, that tels me of death, when he sees me live in sinne. But the best physick the patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will would dye in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they beleeved permission were

the

the Article of their faith all their life long: and the Article of Remission of sins were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one sinnes so long that hee cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunitie lost, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so he might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte, semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam præcidit*; Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the foolish Virgins: It will be too late to prepare oile, when the Bridegroome is coming. The warning is given, *Be yee ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut mensem, cùm ne securus per horam constet.* He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur*; that is, when you sleepe best, and thinke least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec*

supplicium horrendum vidimus : In Hell men sleepe not, because here they slept where they should have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the best preparative for death.

NOw as it is wisdome to be prepared for death; so if you will dye with peace of conscience, and without trouble of minde, be well resolved in point of Religion before you dye: play not the hypocrite, nor the politick, who care not what Religion be, so some be; whose rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policie and Religion doe as well together, as they doe ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe: Policie without Religion is too sub-

till

till to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldnesse. Never any man was a loser by beleeving: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedst, it was not amisse to make doubts; for it shewes wit to move a question well, and it shewes judgement to resolve well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference distinguish. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more safe than indifferencie. But in maine oppositions be not neuter: for it is a lesse eye-sore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall finde it a fearfull thing to dye in doubt; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and cleerely resolved in the truth of your faith before you dye.

Some

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry: Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou shalt hear Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sicke soule, as he said unto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, enter thou into thy Masters joy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master *Aristotle* said when he died: *Anxius vixi dubius morior: O Exsentium, miserere mei.*

Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mei.

How of the way to dye well.

HE that would end his dayes well, must spend them well: *Non est res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: sed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.* Man is ready to dye before he lives, but therefore liveth a time in the world, that hee may dye betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end or a tale that is told*: his dayes deceive him, for they passe as a shadow by Moonshine, then appearing longest, when they draw neerest to an end.

Things give counsell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are set up to be taken downe againe shortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Christ dyed, we had not lived; he dyed for sinne, we live in sin.

sin. Therefore with S. *Paul* I will say, *My life is not deare unto me, so I may finish my course with joy.*

Doe you desire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias uti, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit.*

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est, vivere bis, vita posse priori frui. He lives twice that bestowes the fore-part of his life well.

Vincere scis Hanibal, uti victoria nescis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, but *qui sit*, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conversionis, dies conversationis, dies resurrectionis.* And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time

Time lent us flyes away in the time that is lent us, every moment coming, being the death of that past: Therfore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time; After a hundred thousand yeares eternity is still as long as it was.

THE Art of dying well is better learn'd by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite:

1 First, to be often meditating upon death.

2 Secondly, to be dying daily.

3 Thirdly, to dye by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death, brings a man to dye in ease; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eases

eases cares, cures sinnes, correct Death it selfe. The very though of eternity will pleasant and mak easie all things we suffer in a misc rable life.

Quo modo non moriamur, cùm vivi tur mortuis? We live with so man deaths about us, as we cannot bu often thinke of dying.

Every humour in us engende diseases enow to kill us, so that ou bodies are but living graves, an we die, not because we are sicke, bu because we live. And when we re cover from sickenesse we escape no sickenesse, but the disease: All thi life is but a Death of an houre.

Doe as the Preacher counsels What thou hast to doe, that do quickly; For in the grave, whithe thou goest, there is neither worke nor discourse, nor travell, nor wi dome, nor conversation, nor fruit on of any thing; all is entombed sadnesse, darknes overshadowing i

Play then the wise mans part Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*. Li is ordained for Action, not for frui

tion

tion. If thou haſt any good to doe for the Church, the Commonwealth, or thy Friends, *fac citò*: for though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart, yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona mala ſiunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus.* Though Security reſts in a meane ſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for ſpirituall ends, temporall bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in great meaſure; but rich in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoule; nor ſay vainly, *Vivamus dum vivimus, fors fortuna, ut volet, ordinet*: for ſo doth a mind uncertaine of ſucceſſe, releeve it ſelfe with poſſibility: *Sed ſi cor tuum non eſſet fatuum, non crederes fatuum.* Wiſdome is Fortunes miſtreſſe, wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanity being paſt, the night of Judgement comes: when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of Wiſdome

Wisdome descry the thoughts of vaine voluptuous man, one th thinks himselfe *deus terræ*, when h is but *terreus deus*. This man re soning with himselfe but nor right, saith, Our life is short and te dious, against Death there is no re medy, from the grave there is no re turning; we are borne at all adven tures, and hereafter shall be as if w had never beene: Our breath i smoake, a little spark in our heart which being extinct, our bodi turnes to ashes: and our spirit va nishes like soft aire. Come o therefore, let us enjoy the goo things that are present, let us fi our selves with costly wine an oyntments: let no flowre of th Spring passe by us: Let us crown our selves with Rose-buds, leav tokens of our jollity; for this i our portion, and our lot: let ou strength be the law of Justice: fo that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not fo our turne, he is alwayes contrary to

our

our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamie the transgression of our education: He was made to reprove us: Hee is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his wayes are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they cast up the account of their owne sinnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a proverbe of reproach. We fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happie, and his lot amongst the Saints? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed æternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy

enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou finde all worldly pleasures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt somnum suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, saith the Psalmist.

Notwithstanding, man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ parasti, cujus erunt?* Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum:* but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou hast built, *in ictu prosternentur.* Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce the world could satisfie.

Privacie with death, a soveraigne cordiall against DEATH.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes, for through acquaintance Death will loſe his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a Monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte: walke every day with *Joſeph* a turne or two in thy Garden with Death, and thou ſhalt be well acquainted with the face of Death, but ſhalt never feele the ſting of Death, Death is blacke, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven yeares in his tombe, that he might be acquainted

quainted with it againſt his bones came to lye in it.

Some Philoſophers have been ſo wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortalitie, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a faire death were to be preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moraliſts think this is enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt goe further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt trie where the power of Death lyes. They ſhall finde that the power of every mans death lyes in his owne ſinnes.

That death never hurts a man but with his owne weapon: It alwayes turnes upon us ſome ſinne it findes in us. *The ſting of death is ſin.* Plucke out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to dye well, is to die often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly thinke of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula.* And herein is our happineſſe;

neſſe; though we live in ſin, yet we dye without ſin. Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſin.

The ſecond Step.

THe ſecond Step to dying wel, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I die daily, ſaith Saint *Paul. Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old ſaying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem:* But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant.* Let be done willingly, what we muſt doe neceſſarily, and what we can doe but once, let that be done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at

at laſt. Did men thinke that death were onely an end of life, and no more: every man for his own end would be a diſturber of the world's peace while hee lived, and make his owne peace but juſt when he dyed.

He that dyes daily, ſeldome dyes dejectedly: *facilè contemnit mortem, qui ſe quotidiè moriturum putat:* likewiſe, hee that will live when he dyes, muſt dye while he lives. For if he dye not to ſin while he lives, his ſin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleaſure (ſaid Saint *Paul*) *is dead while ſhe lives.* Live holily, and you ſhall die happily: Live as though there were no Goſpell, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem eſſe in vitâ, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*

Two sorts of Death whereto every man living is subject.

A Living man is subject to a double death: The one naturall, the other spirituall. Naturall Death doth but separate the body from the soule: But spirituall Death separates the soule from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to be dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead*, said Saint *Iohn* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his evill wayes, it is said, *This my sonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly sicke: Such is the operation of Sin. Beware therefore of this *Risus Sardonicus*.

Wee count it a fearfull thing for a man to be author of his own death, but a sinfull life slayes the soule, and so while we live, we kill or lose our better life. The Commandement that sayes, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murthering of our owne soules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of another the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdome for a man to let his sins dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, The actually, thou virtually: that when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing else to doe, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, subitam turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua est potestate, qualem vis efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures have taken thee, leave them e'r they leave thee, and say unto them as *Job* said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur

saith Saint *Marke*. Thy Soule lyes as that Damosell in trances of death, while shee is in the chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *Antequàm turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarùm ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wisedome is more seene than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperity (which are but false notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly than vainnesse and excesse.

Oculi stultorum semper in finibus terræ, but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor sui: A dayes sicknesse will make us sensible of lifes griefe; yet if life doe delight thee (because Ironies doe deny strongest in affirming) *utere & fruere*. But take my counsell, keepe life in exercise of some calling. For you shall find that exercise is no more wholesome for the body than the soule; *Non est res delicata vivere*; Wee must labour in some calling: wherefore to see well-borne men to despise honest callings,

lings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter; *Uzziah* the potent King of Judah had not beene ſo great a King, had he not beene ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leiſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoid ſinne. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, *id eſt*, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſings, Lawleſſe diſports, all turne to loſſe.

But

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes:* And in thy Journey follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per trita ſi itur, longiùs abitur:* But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way, leſt; as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein bee as great a quæſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who never let Saint *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to heaven: The world is full of queſtions, but the beſt queſtion in the world is that of the young man in the Goſpell; *Good Maſter what ſhall I doe that I may have eternall life?* Some mens Queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any caſe bee none of thoſe Queriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill should make men *Atheous*, when we finde it in the Gospell, that no men were so apt to see the Starre of Christ, as those wise men, the Disciples of Philosophie.

Be dying daily, and you shall soone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loth to lose a day.

Palmares posuisti dies meos, according to *Davids* measure life is but a Span, the longest liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it selfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; sederit.

Time

Time was, when man was not; but how late a beginning soever he had, yet after death he shall be in a state never to see end; therefore remember the Christian motto, *Aeternos aeternos semper in mente habe.*

With the Ancient of dayes there were no dayes: And the time shall be when time shall be no more. *Summa est quod superest.*

Two common errors.

THere are two common errors which deceive most men:

First, that a man enters not into eternal life till he dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is salvation come unto thy house, said Christ to *Zacheus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if his conversation were in heaven,

carrying himselfe not only honestly, civilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall comportment: his present life seemes superhumane, divine, and spirituall; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he,* saith Saint *Paul, that hath his part in the first Resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second errour is, however a man lives, yet if at last he seeme to dye well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to be saved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable mans god, yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*; suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope sustaine them: but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven.

Enter

Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon me* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sinne to Grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought mee, saith *David, out of the dust of Death.*

To dye by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our mindes, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, *paulatim*, by little and little: every sinne is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a continuall

tinuall death. *Impiè vivere est dia mori*; Therfore saith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that useth this course every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keepe a Courser to runne a Race, wee lead him daily on the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his speed, he doe not start or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our soules, and then *wee shall runne with boldnesse the race that is set before us.*

To dye by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser sinnes, and not to say with *Lot, Is't not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloudy sinnes, and hug in our bosomes beloved, and Herodian sinnes, sinnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata.* Saint *Augustine* sayes fine

ly, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda:* Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retaine those they love best, and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being sins, as Pride, that discontented sinne, must be counted State: Vanity, Civility; Dissimulation, Courtship; Anger, Courage; Wantonising, a tricke of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati*; but take heed, specially of these sins, that make a vertue a sin, and sin to seeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiuntur. A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon some vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a Phœnix pride. So to bee drunke for company is a sinne worse than sinne, for other sinnes move shame, but hide it; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feasts is a barbarous fashion: At *Assuerus* feast

feast every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin, yet of sinners if either party bee wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin, that live either amongst friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wise therefore in good-fellowship, no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt some vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to bee sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins: the world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men: But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished: formall penitents will easily part with so much of their sin as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of bodie, loss

of

of friends, and the like. Uſe theſe in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *ſuſpenſo gradu*, ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed Gods Altar*, God himſelfe made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatneſſe is the courſe of the world.

Wherefore they ſay in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came into the world, which was, firſt by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Senſe*, afterwards of *Reaſon*.

David preſcribes us this order, when he ſayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine.* He will not run, till he be taught to goe.

Teach mee to doe thy will, and leade

leade mee, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; Land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seeke. Into this Land, *Duec me, Domine.*

For the manner of dying.

AMongst men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye set your house in order: He that hath not a house yet hath a soule: no soule can want affaires to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The chiefe grace of the Thea-

ter

ter is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and we thinke it no good ſigne of a faire morrow, when the Sunne ſets in a cloud: *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath beene holy.

David in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, The iſſues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally; as Chriſtians ſhould dye religiouſly. The good man can equally live, or dye; for he knowes if he live, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life, ſaith *Chriſt.*

Moſt men wiſh a ſhort Death, becauſe Death is alwayes accompanyed

panyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we thinke beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: He that deſires to be diſſolved and be with Chriſt, dyes not patiently, but lives patiently, and dyes delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long ſickneſſe ſees Death afarre off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Eliſha*, both bleſſedly.

The beſt poſture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling, *Preſſe*, ſaith Saint *Paul, towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavy unto death, then ſhew a lively Faith; for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe than paſſion.

When thou art ſpeechleſſe, uſe that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, ſed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit:*

A teare is but a condenſed pearle, a pearle but a diſſolved teare: At this time turne words into teares, and they will turne pearles. Hee that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

When thou art dying, lye ſorrowing for thy ſins, yet not deſpairing; for there is joy in griefe, where the ſorrow is for ſinnes. *I am the man,* ſaith *Jeremie, that have ſeene ſorrowes:* But this *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris. There is more joy in heaven for one ſinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Before thou dyeſt vow thy ſoule to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas.* Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart: If thou haſt not a Lambe, that is, meekeneſſe; or a Bullocke, that is, bountifulneſſe; yet a Pygeon, that is, well-wiſhing; or a payre of Turtles, that is, *Gemitus*; a ſound of

of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, doe obſerve that the greateſt men, and beſt wits, when once they come to find their owne mortality, doe then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and ſo end their dayes with moſt quietude in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would dye praying, and doe as the Pilgrim doth; goe on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the paine of ſinging, to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of paine, unwearies himſelfe of paine.

But ſome wretches thinke God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few ſighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakneſſe muſt not argue, but yeeld; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying; for they seldome dye of a sin-sicknesse.

The sicknesse of the soule hath this advantage of the bodies sicknesse. It never languishes under the Physicians hand: when it seemes at worst, then it is best: no sooner saith *David*, I am sicke; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well; no sooner sayes, *I have sinned*, and must dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy sinne, thou shalt not dye.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God that they who live without repentance, should dye without comfort. Woe is him whose bed is made in hell. Know this and beleeve it, all our happinesse here is holinesse, and holinesse hereafter, shal be our happinesse. There

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe elements, which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a rufull ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, theſe flye upward; water and earth, theſe ſinke downward; ſo living man becomes a dead carkaſſe. *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his boſome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuſe his owne death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quâ*

ſum

um exiturus è vitâ. But better ſaith nother, *Stultè hæc cogitantur : vi- um aliis approbare quiſquam debet, ortem verò ſibi.*

But ſince it is ſo great a matter o dye, ſo neceſſary to dye well, ſo angerous to dye ill, let your life e an acting of death. That life is vel adventured, where it is a gaine o loſe it.

Certainly death hath great de- endencie on the courſe of mans ife, and life it ſelfe is as fraile as the ody which it animates.

Auguſtus Cæſar Bonam mortem utabat celerem, & inſperatam, quæ ullâ ægritudine pulsârat ſoles : ſo ften as hee heard of a man that ad a quicke paſſage, with little enſe of paine, he wiſhed for him- elfe that *Euthanaſie :* While he li- ed he uſed to ſet himſelfe between is two friends, *Suſpiria & La- hrymæ* ; when he dyed hee called or his looking-glaſſe, comman- ed to have his haire and beard embed, *Et Malas labentes corrigi,* is riveled cheekes ſmoothed up : Then

Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cùm ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, Until he thinke it better to dye than live: but Saint *Paul* is our best patterne, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!*

There bee many that chuse rather to dye quickely, than to live long sickely, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed lætam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare, than continuè valere.* For *vitiosa sanitas* will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to doe them the kindnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life

yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a diſpleaſure, then death comes to doe us a pleaſure, and for this (ſaith Tully) a man is moſt beholding to Nature. *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non ſic itur ad aſtra.* Chriſtians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace. *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reſerved.

O ſaith a good man, how ſafe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine eaſeth, death revives, ſin glorifies!

Yet there is not the ſtrongeſt body, nor holieſt Saint on earth, but at point of death, is ſubject to ſome trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the ſoule which comes into the body without any ſenſible pleaſure, goes not out of the body without the ſenſe of paine. And it troubles many a good ſoule to ſee men of the beſt lives, to have diſtem-

distempered and perplexed ends; Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly, and seldome any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Naturall distempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural causes. Despaire in dying, may as well arise from weakness of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of these can hee bee prejudiced that hath lived well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be sick, but his mind is sound, for *God maketh all his bed in his sickness*, and in the instant of a sharpe separation his Soule findes it selfe happie, for he knowes, *Si durius seponitur, melius reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving,

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than moving from the minde. For upon Deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made, is, that ſins of ſickneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, cannot but be ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhee ſaw her ſon at worſt: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe: Yet the Jewes ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoule was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſſe: ſome have their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward: ſome before death, that is better, becauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little, O ſpare mee, that I may recover my ſtrength before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome yeares of dayes were lent, but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring backe the ſhadow of degrees when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *Abaz*; we muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and dye at uncertainties.

Therefore as a ſick man hearkens to the clock, ſo let us watch death. For ſudden comming of death, finding a weake ſoule unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted ſudden.

SUdden death of it ſelfe is not therefore evill, becauſe it is ſudden, but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſoules unprepared. The good man never dyes unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſſe, is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage, and not to be accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (ſaith the Booke of Wiſdome) yet ſhall he be at reſt, becauſe he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often called *Sonne of man*) to him God

sayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a stroke suddenly*, and *yet thou shalt not weepe.*

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possesse thee, then cannot sudden death surprise thee.

Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to dye, he may live seven yeares in a consumption, and yet dye a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amisse who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodnesse of a mans life, misjudge him not by any strangenesse in his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a man's heart can best judge of himself. When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence with or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seeme to dye holily

lily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *malum triplex, quod manet in ſeptima.* Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei.* If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſure me: Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Eliſha* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, becauſe he knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſſe to dye in eaſe. That mans end is eaſie, whom Death findes with a weake body and a ſtrong ſoule. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, as hee that layes downe his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmeſt at noone.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon; *Quia nunc vincit aut vincitur:* So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exerciſe of his goodneſſe, but as a wiſe man when he

ſleepes, leeſeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though hee dye in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſſe doe not then leave him, though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion if a man dye quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in conſumptions and dull diſeaſes, moſt men doe) then ſure he goes to heaven; but if he be diſtempered, and of franticke behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflamations) then ſure he goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this caſe truſt not naturall judgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſicke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet with leaſt diſturbances when Death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his

earthen

earthen eyes, when Death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could doe open eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blinde, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we ſee the cleare ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endevours, travelling of Death as in a Child-birth, ſorrowes, torments, paines being then Deaths Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lye open to God without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Naturall cauſes will have their

operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propertie sometimes to worke supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this, Beleeve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sæpè in hoc esse, Benè, non diù.* Shortnesse of life is no unhappinesse, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non spectat; benè mori aut malè, ad rem spectat.*

The Booke of Wisdome saith, *He was soone taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soule.*

In principio mundi, cùm homines viverent in majori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; postquam crescebat

crescebat hominis malitia & temporis abusus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies.

Had present Death beene evill, or long life good, *Cain* had beene slaine, and *Abel* had survived; but Death commonly beginnes first, where God loves best: *His soule,* saith the Sonne of *Syrach, pleased God; therefore hasted hee to take him away.*

Seldome is excellencie in any kinde long lived; we see the best men live not longest: and indeed it were injurious to wish that goodnesse should hinder any one from happinesse.

The best cannot be happy but by dissolution, their dying being but a change, going from evill to good; hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement;

if hee dye soone, it is but to hasten it.

One man seemes to dye casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura, peregi, said the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vitæ præsentis finem talem esse decet, quale futuræ est principium*: Nor is the place materiall where wee dye, so wee dye well.

Moses dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*.

Be as ready to die as *Moses* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moses, goe up and dye*. With such a sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feast.

Nec mihi Mors gravis est
posituro morte labores.
——*Mors mihi merces erit.*

All motions tend to rest.

Returne then to thy Rest, O my soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Assurance of life after death.

AWake and sing, saith the Prophet *Esay*, *yee that dwell in dust, for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. Thy dead men shall live, with my body shall they rise.*

For reall assurance both to our bodies and our soules, there are three bodily Inhabitants alreadie gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Christ under the Gospell; yet for further assurance, *Ipse dixit*, Christ himselfe hath said it, *Because I live, yee shall live also. I am the Resurrection and the Life. Qui credit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet.* Although my flesh be eaten with wormes, these wormes turned

to

to dust, blowne thorow the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, againe thou sayest, *Come againe yee children of men.* Therefore, *O Death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory!* saith Saint *Paul.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, said *Job*, but no further: here shall thy proud waves be stayed: *Mors usque ad corpus solum pertinget, ultra non progreditur:* It stands not with Divinitie, nor is it consonant to Reason, that man, for whom all things spring, should not have his spring and rise againe. I see wormes and flies, and other creatures that spend the Winter season in a kinde of death, revive in the Spring; I see my selfe dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this article of beleefe, of all most comfortable. I know whom I have trusted, saith Saint *Paul*, and I am assured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. *And they shall bee mine*, saith God by the Prophet *Malachy*,

Malachy, in that day when I make up my Jewels.

Resurgam, said good Bishop *King*, *It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation neerer than when we beleeved:* nor will I feare how this body of mine shall appeare another day. For I am promised by him that wil performe, it shall not be found naked, but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Resurrection dye no more, for they are equall to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ, which is thy life, shall appeare, thou shalt appeare in glory.

The word of assurance is, *Redemptor meus*, *My Father and your Father*, saith the Gospell: there is great divinity in these pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they are the ground of all Controversies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I doe not therefore know this, because I will know it;

it; For the will cannot invade the understanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur,* things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with childe, knowes she is so, when she feeles it stirre lively: So the Spirit of God assures our spirit, when we lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* saith, *Though after the skin wormes destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my selfe, and mine owne eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this soule of mine impersonated anew, and so inanimating my body againe, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That soule, the lost pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all he had, shall there be found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas here it was poorely set in clay. Hee which

which came with his garments red from Bozra, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appeare what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shal appeare, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, saith Saint *Iohn*. *Come then yee blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleasure to give you the kingdome. Tarry but a little while,* saith Saint *Paul, and he that shal come will come, and will not tarry.*

A man, saith *Chrysostome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, saith Saint *Augustine*, *A man might Age himselfe in it, and sooner grow old, than weary.*

The

The fourth generall Diviſion.

FIII.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

Seneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent, *Ultimum optimum:* Dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming faire, than being happie.

Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam, becauſe

cauſe ſhee loved her face more than her ſoule.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breſt, not in his mouth, his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectorall.

Anatomiſts doe ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when theſe breake, man ſpeakes his heart: *Utinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent*, ſaid *Moſes*, when he was dying: Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly.* Our anſwer is, Amen. Even ſo come Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave drugs, and miniſter only Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and ſleepe in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that wil animate thy weake body, and refreſh thy thirſtie ſoule, as did that *dew of Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion.* When ſick-

ſickneſſe undreſſes man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, and Saint *Pauls Cupio*, are the words of ſweeteſt comfort.

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſician: Earthly means were for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whoſe laſt day is his beſt day.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore ſit downe on this ſide Jordan, but haſten to the heavenly Jeruſalem; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, heare my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and ſhall not I be glad when God

God shall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdome? *Absit*: If Christ be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord let me be prepared for that place; blessed eternity where art thou, I am seeking for thee, and I see thee comming towards me? Now me thinkes I heare my soule say, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Væ mihi, quia prolongatus est incolatus meus in terra,* woe is me that I still remaine in Mesech & dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* said in the wildernesse; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My soule thirsteth for thee: When shall I come and appeare before thee? Nay, my soule is now grown so high minded, that shee saith, *Major sum, & ad majora genitus, quàm ut mancipium sim hujus corporis*: Man is not quiet till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philosophy made

made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo*, counting the body to be a worſe priſon to the ſoule, than that priſon was to him.

Plato when he ſaw one over-indulgent to his body by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his priſon ſo ſtrong? When you pamper the fleſh, you doe but victuall the enemie.

The body at beſt is but the living Coffin of the ſoule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but dutie in man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is ſo heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeene.

Gravata eſt anima mea, my body is a burthen to my ſoule, It hath had honour enough to have beene ſo long companion with it: wherefore

fore now, as Saint *Hierome* saith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my heaven-borne Soule?

The Hermit sitting on his turfe, said to his soule, *Sexaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O my soule, for I now smell the savour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in desiderio mora est.* As Christ said to his Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc:* So say to thy Soule; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum.*

Though my soule, as a Bird, for necessity sake hath beene faine to stay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be soaring in the skie; but I finde that *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur:* Specially when I heare my Saviour say, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given mee, be with mee where I am, that they may behold my Glory. Sybilla* before Christ, and *Plato* since Christ doe both agree, that the union of mans soule with God,

God, is that true felicity which all Philoſophy aymes at. Therefore *Deſiderio deſideravi ergaſtuli hujus greſſum*, that I may ſee *facie ad faciem* him whom my ſoule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyeſt thy ſelfe, and glorified ſpirits enjoy thee.

Oſtende mihi Patrem, & ſufficit. Surely ſaith Saint *Auguſtine* in his Meditations, *Domine, creaſti nos ob te, nuſquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te. Bleſſed are the dead which dye in the Lord*, ſaith Saint *John*; *yea, ſaith the Spirit, they reſt from their labours, and their workes follow them.* O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanus, my ſoule now thirſteth to be with thee; In the twilight betwixt the day of life and night of death.

Entertaine thy laſt houre with ſuch like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſublevabunt.* They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into heaven; yeeld a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Cer-

Certainly, a good Soule thus imploying it ſelfe, *in iſtâ horâ*, will not leave the felicity it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life paſt did ever render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine*, in a high ſpeculation, endevouring to expreſſe this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine, Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo joyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be expreſt, *Quantus, vel qualis ſit*, yet is it *Res generoſa conari alta, & mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici poſſunt.*

Therefore this we may doe, ſome way ſample that which no way wee can expreſſe: *In arduis voluiſſe ſat eſt*, in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like

Like as a Bird that hath beene long encaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open ayre.

Nititur in ſylvas quaq; redire ſuas:

Or as a ſicke man, that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day-breake, when the Sunne-beames gild the morning:

Or as a priſoner that feeles his chaines heavie upon him, longs for releaſement.

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit:

So will it bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto mee thou that art weary and heavie laden, and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the kingdome of heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Even ſo thy ſoule after many yeares pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, being come with *Moſes* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant Land of Canaan from the top of Piſgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee the Sunne comming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have ſome glimps, while thou waſt in health; but then it was, as the blind-mans viſion in the Goſpell, to whoſe firſt ſight men ſeemed to walke like trees; but in this thy new ſtate thou ſhalt ſee clearely

men

men and Angels ſtand before the Lambs Throne, and heare thy ſelfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt bee brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeak to God in the ſame language he ſpeakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, *ſtay mee with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am ſicke of love: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my ſoule loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noone.*

Thus with *Salomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalme, let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, ſhall be caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angell.

And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy ſoule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah, O my ſoule, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David, Returne now my ſoule*

unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

Dying Saint *Steven* before his eyes were closed, had a faciall sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam, looked stedfastly into the heaven; and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon*, after hee had seene his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seene thy salvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior, ut videam.

The

THE RAPTVRE OF THE SOVLE.

Rapitur Anima, cùm cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption to Heaven; when a man abstracts himselfe from earth, and by Contemplation growes into acquaintance with GOD, for then hee

seemes to converse with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, then he sends forth strong emanations of Divine love. Those *affectiones extaticæ* are the signals, *Amoris liquidi: liquescit anima, cùm devotione calescit.* Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my selfe. *Et quid istos nisi* Seraphins *dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris? Let him kisse mee with the kisses of his mouth*; so begins that *Canticum canticorum: & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium.* This *fruitivus Amor*, by Divine Rapture unites me to God; for in Rapture a man seemes to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; Therefore Rapture would faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur.*

But that's a priviledge for Saint *Paul*; *Vidi dominum*, saith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem, & salva facta est anima*

ma mea. Holy *Hierom* ſweares it: *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum jejunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina angelorum,* to have private converſation with quiers of Angels; The firſt Chriſtians were raviſhed with a greater deſire of knowledge than of food, ſometimes lived three dayes together in contemplation and never eat. *Raptus eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, which raiſes in man towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoule with high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelfe, to live above himſelfe. *Neſcio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine,* ſaid he in his Rapture.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of ſo faire and divine delights, Shee on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne, ſhe goes out of her ſelfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is

too ſad; wherefore ſhee quits it as not agill, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my Soule had wings as a Dove, that I might flye, and be at reſt,* ſaith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to conſider that the eye of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a peece, ſhould looke up every day to heaven, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet never be tyred by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Opticke) if it bee ſtrong enough, and not overclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The will takes pleaſure to perceive the underſtanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties both of will and underſtanding doe intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are we ſweetly brought into divine extaſie, in which ſtate man feeles nothing of the Humane, but dyes in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall

phicall Divines make three sorts; one of understanding, a second of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a man is not to be above himselfe in Contemplation, and under himselfe in conversation. The first of the three is, *in splendore*; the second, *in fervore*; the third, *in labore*; the one caused by admiration; the other by devotion, the last by operation.

In these Raptures, the Fathers, who were stiled Saints, had such a complacency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death, insomuch as the votaries would say, *Never was a Saint*, but had extasies, and ravishment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their soules into God, to insoule themselves in God, to put themselves out of the naturall comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to say, *I knew a man in Christ fourteene yeares*

agoe, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervencie of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their soules being wholly conversant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have dyed through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love performe the office of Death; *Love is as strong as Death*, saith *Salomon*; nay, with them it wrought more than Death could doe: for Death only performeth by effect, that which Love operateth by affection; Death did but separate their bodies from their soules; but Love separated their soules from their bodies living.

In such a trance they report Saint *Basil* to say, *That* Jacob, *when he had fast hold on God, let him goe for a blessing:*

sing: But the *Shunamite, My soule will not let thee goe so*; For shee now seekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

Saint *Hierome* to say; *O my Saviour, diddest thou dye of love for mee? A love more dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than love it selfe! I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying, it is reported he was heard to say, *O my God, doe not for pitie, so over-joy me; if I must still live and have such consolations, take me to heaven. For hee that hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse, must necessarily live afterwards in bitternesse.*

This is the state of loves life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now to say, *Vivo ego, sed non ego, vivit verò in me Christus. My*

life

life is hid in Christ with God. And now me thinkes I see him face to face, *Visione illâ beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

Who is this that commeth from Edom, with red garments from Bozrah. I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit mee. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Restore; And so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGVS.

Quoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe foure things:

1 *Vnde venis.*
2 *Quò vadis.*
3 *Quid es.*
4 *Quid eris.*

Upon enquiry *undè venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miſeri miſerum me in hanc lucis miſeriam induxerunt.

Conceptu

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vivere pœna, mors angustia; Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me thinke,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.

For

For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posse, Vadere,* to fade and decay.
Vado tels me, I am *in transitu,*
But it rejoyceth me to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.
And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in ætate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori:*
Mihi enim mors servit in solatium vitæ,
Vitam habeo in patientiâ,
Mortem verò in desiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam:
Nam
Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita.

To

To expresse, *Quid sum.*

Quis fando explicare queat?

Pulvis & Aer, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris. This is sure.

That *homo* is *morbidum, putre, cassum:*
Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

This every man findes.

Our mettall is, *de humore liquido,*
And the mould no better, *In utero impuro.*

Dam-

Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our condition.

Our best Stocke is, *Semen Abrahæ*;

Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,

And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren.*

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flyes and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor.

If so,

Si natus sum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.

Now

Now for *Quid eris.*

This also I know.

Quod sum, & me non esse scio.
Sed id esse & nosse desidero.
Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo,
Esse in Deo, & habere Deum,
Hoc est æterna securitas, & secura æternitas.

This may be admired, hardly understood:
Yet better understood, than can be expressed.
Therefore to my soule I say not,
O Animula, blandula, vagula: but,
O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,
Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Christum?

O Lord heare my words, consider my Meditations, Psal. 5.

FINIS.

Jane Dole